

Reminiscences of J. N. Baker
Typed from original by Geo. A. Root

On September 12, 1854 my father packed his household goods in two covered wagons and started from Putnam County, Ind., for what was then known as Kansas territory.

The weather was fine for traveling and camping out at night and we had a pleasant journey all the way.

On October 5 we reached Santa Fe, Mo., (a little town 10 miles south of Westport), and stopped there a few days with an old acquaintance named Gill, and while there my father decided that it would be best to rent a place and winter there, as there was nothing in the territory to live on; so after he had rented a place and made the necessary arrangements for the winter. The weather was very fine, warm and dry. My father, a cousin of mine named Williamson (who had come with us from Indiana), David Baldwin (a Methodist preacher that lived in Santa Fe), and myself concluded to make a trip out in the territory and see how it looked. We loaded our wagons with provisions and feed for the horses and started for this part of the county, having been informed that there was no land open for settlement then except a strip of the Pottawatomie creek which the government had bought from the Pottawatomie Indians.

After two days travel we came to what was then called the Dutch Henry Crossing (where Lane now is) on the Pottawatomie creek.

We had not seen a white man anywhere on the way until we reached the crossing. There we found three men who had been living there for twelve years. They were Germans and were brothers. Their names were Sherman –Peter, Henry and William. Peter was the oldest and William was the youngest. Henry seemed to be the head man. He could talk English better than the others and I suppose that is why the crossing was called Dutch Henry Crossing. Neither of them were married. They were living in a good hewed log house on the south side of the creek, about one-half mile east of the crossing. They were farming some land and had a fine herd of cattle and horses running on the range. After looking around a few days we concluded to move our camp up the creek about two miles, near where Hanway's old lime kiln was located. We camped there for about two weeks and during that time my father, Williamson, and the old man Baldwin located their claims. I did not take a claim as I was not old enough at that time. These three claims were the first taken in the part of the country, and I think this strip of land was the only land that came in under the pre-emption law. A man had to live on the land and build a house and do other improvements, then he could take a witness and go to the land office at Lecompton and prove that he had complied with the law, and pay \$1.25 per acre and get a patent for it.

There was plenty of deer and wild turkeys here then and we had a fine time hunting while here.

We went back to Santa Fe and in the spring Williamson and myself came back to work on the claims. We cut logs and built cabins on the claims, and we also cleared up about five acres of brush land and planted potatoes, some corn and all kinds of garden seeds, and I don't think I ever saw so much stuff raised on that amount of land before.

My father and the family stayed in Missouri and raised a fine crop there and moved out on the claims in the fall.

During the spring and summer of 1855 immigration began to come in and by fall there was quite a little settlement on claims along the creek.

During the years of 1855 and 1856 other parts of the country were opened up for settlement and in the spring of 1856 the country was divided first into townships and later into sections and located the section lines. The claim holders could then see where their lines were and the number of the section that they were in.

I think it was in 1855 that we got a post office at the Crossing. It was named Shermanville after the Sherman brothers. We had to go to Missouri for everything we needed until about this time when an old man named Morse came in and opened a little store in a log cabin near the Crossing. There was also a little store on the Mosquito branch just north of the Bart Needham farm run by two men named Weimer and Benjamin. These two men and a third man named August Bondi laid out the town of Greeley and moved the store here. It was not very long until another town was laid out just west of where the pumping station is now located, named Mt. Gilid [Gilead?], but it seemed that Greeley had the inside track and Mt. Gilid had to give way.

When we first landed in this country my mother was very much dissatisfied and wanted to go back, and I could not blame her, for it was a lonely looking country. She had left a good home in a good and well improved country, although they were among the early settlers of that country and had spent many years of hard labor in making the home that they had left. They had decided to sell out and come here in order that they might get land for their children. After we had been here a few years and county had begun to settle up my mother was better satisfied and they succeeded in getting each one of the children a quarter section of land and had the home place left. After the children had all grown up and left home they sold the home farm and moved to Ottawa and were living there when my father died. They raised eight children. Seven of them were born in Indiana and one in Missouri. Brother William and brother John are both dead. Brother William and brother John were with me in the army. Brother Will died in the army at Little Rock, Ark., in 1865. Brother William was a Lieutenant in Company D, 12th Kansas. Brother John died at home with a cancer of the stomach in 1905. the rest of the children are yet living.

We do not appreciate what our parents do for us until after they are dead and gone, then we can meditate over the past and see what they did.

In the winter of 1855 Uncle Burrell Baker moved here from Virginia and was well pleased with the country. He had a wife and one child then. He did not live here very long but went back to Virginia. He was a very strong pro slavery man and when the Kansas troubles got to such a high pitch he had to leave as many others did. When the war came he was one of the first in the southern army to fight for what he thought was right but never came back to Kansas.

It was some time before we had school houses and churches, and we did not have preaching very often. The old man Baldwin would preach occasionally at some private house. Our first acquaintance with him was the first Sunday that we were stopping with this man Gill at Santa Fe. He told us that there would be preaching in his yard that evening; that he had made arrangements with the old man Baldwin to preach for slaves, and as I had been raised in a state where there were no negroes it was quite a change

when we got in Missouri. In the afternoon we all went to hear the old man preach and it was very different from anything that I had ever seen or heard; the old man trying to preach the gospel to the slaves and the slaveholders at the same time, and young as I was I remembered hearing something like this that all men are endowed with enumerable rights, which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These slaves had life and they seemed to have some happiness, but they had no liberty. This old man Baldwin had only been living there a short time and had come from Indiana, too, so it was almost like meeting the an old friend.

The old man Baldwin had one son and one daughter. The son went with me in the army and took sick and died at Paola before we went south. The daughter married a man named John Lanter and lived in Garnett, and the old man lived with them until his death.

Now I come to the Kansas troubles and I have no desire to run in politics, but will just state the facts as they were. It was a strife between the Free State and Pro Slavery parties, so I hope no one will find fault with me for referring to certain events in order to show the true conditions of affairs from the first settling of the country until the beginning of the Civil War. Admitting that both parties did many things that were wrong.

In 1852 the Democrats elected Franklin Pierce President. I was a Democrat then but not a voter so all of the appointments of Post Masters and others for the territory were Democratic and the little post office at Dutch Henry Crossing was Democratic.

In 1856 James Buchanan was elected President and there was not much difference in the two administrations. I had now decided to leave the Democrats and join the Republican party, believing it to be a better party, and I have not changed my opinion yet. I voted for Abraham Lincoln both times. I believe that all men have a right to their political and religious opinion, and I have not fault to find with my neighbor because he has a different opinion from mine and am willing to admit that he might be right and I might be wrong.

Now, as early as 1855 the question began to be agitated whether Kansas should be a free or a slave state, and it was very plain to see that it was and would be the important question that we would have to deal with. Some of the settlers were in favor of extending slavery in and making it a slave state; others were opposed to slavery and wanted to make it a free sate.

It was not very long until the question became very lively and what was known as the border ruffians were on our hands. The two parties were being organized into companies, but many settlers of both parties became alarmed and left the country and those who stayed here had a rough time of it. Many of both parties were killed and their houses burned and their horses taken from them. The border counties in Missouri took an active part in the troubles by running in Pro-Slavery men and many of the old slave holders came over and took claims and tried to hold them and live in Missouri, but that did not seem to work very well. Their claims would be jumped and their things taken, and then there would be trouble. One case I will give.

There was an old slaveholder who lived near Santa Fe whom I was well acquainted with, named Kerby. He came out here and took a claim at the Bondi ford on the Marais des Cygnes, and was holding it, and a man named Baker came in from the east and jumped Kerby's claim, and when Kerby came out he found Baker living on the claim. Kerby told him that he must leave but Baker refused, so Kerby went back to Missouri and got a company of men to come out with him to drive Baker off. But when they got there

they found that he would not drive off so they decided to hang him and took him a short distance from the cabin and wetting ready. Baker asked permission to speak a few words and his request was granted, and when he concluded his remarks the captain of the company and one-half of the men stepped over by Baker and told Kerby that he must go home and not trouble Baker any more, and so he did. They were Masons.

Baker preempted the claim and when the town of Stanton was laid out he moved there and put up a little mill to grind corn. It did not grind very fast, but was the best we had then. Baker lived in Stanton until 1860. A cyclone passed over that part of the country and his house was blown down and he was killed.

Now, the first killing that was done in that part of the country were the five men that were killed at the Dutch Henry Crossing in the spring of 1856. Wilkinson, the postmaster, William Sherman and the old man Doyle and his two sons. They were taken out of their houses in the night and killed. These men were very radical proslavery men and were abusive and made threats what they would do with Free State men. It seemed that they had a bitter hatred for Free State men and called them black abolitionists and that they would drive them all out of the territory.

Now as I have stated, both parties were organized into companies and there was a company in this part of the country called the John Brown Company. A few days before these men were killed it was reported that the border ruffians from Missouri were planning to burn the little town of Lawrence, so John Brown and the company started for Lawrence. They had not been gone very long when the two young Doyles went to the old man Morse's store and began to abuse him in a very rough manner, calling him a black abolitioner and that they were going to drive all such men out of the country; then, they told him they wanted his shot-gun and the old man refuses to let them have it, so they got very mad and told him that they would give him five days to leave the country and if he was not gone by that time it would not be very healthy for him. That evening there was a messenger sent after Brown and overtook him. After hearing of the threats that had been made Brown decided to come back and brought a few of his men with him. The balance of them went on to Lawrence. Before the five days were up these young Doyles left the country, and old man Morse did not leave. The supposition was that Brown and his men were the ones that did the killing that night. They were not shot, but were killed with some kind of a cutlass. I did not see them but was told by my uncle and my father-in-law who helped to bury them that they were badly cut up. I think the intention was to kill Henry Sherman the same night but he was not home, so they did not get him. But later on he was met in the road by Captain Holmes' Company and one of the company shot and wounded him so that he died in a few days. In 1856 there was the most trouble. In 1857 there was a large emigration from the east and the claims were all taken in this part of the country. There were other parts being opened for settlement but not by preemption. They were sold as trust lands for the Indians, and a great deal of this land was taken by men who came in from the east. We called them carpet baggers. They bought the land for speculation and did not settle on it, but went back where they came from. They were a drawback to the country. There were men who had the nerve to stay and endure the hardships and make Kansas Territory a great state, although they had many things to contend with besides the Border War trouble. They had the droughts, the hot winds, the grasshoppers, and the chintz bugs.

The old settlers of 1854 and 1855 are getting very scarce.

In 1859 and 1860, the militia was organized, and I belonged to a company that met and drilled. Captain Rees was our drill master. He was a soldier in the Mexican War. As the Border Ruffians were still making raids over in Kansas, we would be called down on the line to protect the citizens quite often. The last time I was called out before I went into the army was down east of Paola. We got in a fight with some of the ruffians and M. V. Jackson, the father of our Attorney General (Fred S. Jackson) was wounded, and had to have his leg taken off. This ended my border warfare and I went in the army and was there three years. I was very glad when the war was over and peace restored. No one knows anything about the horrors of war but those who have had experience. The border war continued on as late as 1862. Quantrill burnt Lawrence. There had been large companies of men sent in here for the purpose of voting at the elections. There was a camp of four hundred three miles west from Osawatimie, called the Georgian camp but they could not stay there very long, so they went over in Missouri and I have no doubt but what they were a part of the company that burnt Osawatimie. They came over in the night and got there about day light, and took the little town by surprise. John Brown was there, but he had only about thirty armed men to fight the four or five hundred. They killed five of Brown's men and a number of others who were not with Brown. It was a hard fight. There are only three of Brown's men yet living. I was not there but saw the smoke, and heard the firing. It was not known how many were lost in the fight, but from reports they had several wagons loaded with dead and wounded.

I will now give a short history of my three years in the army. The first year our regiment was stationed along near the line of Missouri, as it was necessary to have some soldiers to guard Kansas. Part of the time the regiment was divided. One and two companies at a place, but on the go most of the time from one place to another. We were at Fort Leavenworth quite a while, and from there we went to Kansas City, Westport, Independence, Santa Fe, Olathe, Paola, Mound City and Fort Scott.

While we were at Santa Fe I was taken down with lung fever. The weather was very cold and the snow was about ten inches deep. We did not have any tents so we had to occupy some old vacant buildings. There were several others taken down with the fever and we were taken to an old wooden building that was as cold as a barn, for a hospital. We had no doctor with us, so the captain employed a rebel doctor that lived there to take charge of the sick. When the doctor came to my bunk and examined me, he said I was in a very dangerous condition and that he hated to undertake my case, because he did not have the right kind of medicine and could not get it. He said that he would do the very best he could, and I think he did. After I began to get better he would bring little things for me to eat, and when we left there I was very weak yet. He came to give me good bye. He told me to be careful and [not] take a backset, and also told me to write to him and let him know how I got along, so I think he was a good man.

While we were at Santa Fe we received orders for all the companies of the regiment to meet at Fort Scott, and that the regiment would go from there to Fort Smith, Ark. It was not very long till we were on the march for the sunny south. We had no fighting to do on the march to Fort Smith, but there were a good many rebels and bushwhackers in the country and around Fort Smith, and if they would catch any of the soldiers out from the Fort they would kill them. Sometimes we would capture them and bring them in to the Fort. They would be held as prisoners of war if they belonged to the rebel army, but if they were bushwhackers they were shot. We had not been there very long until seven of

them were captured and brought in. They said they did not belong to any army, so they were ordered to be shot. They were taken out to the edge of town and seven boxes placed in a row that they were to be buried in. Their hands were tied behind them and caps were put over their faces, and they were seated on the boxes. The soldiers that had been detailed to shoot them were in a line about 20 or 30 steps from them, and when everything was ready the commanding officer told them to make ready, take aim and fire, and they all fell dead. Two of them were praying, and one was swearing when the guns fired. One young man about 20 years old was swearing at a fearful rate. He said that he had killed more than twenty soldiers and that he was sorry that he could not live to kill that many more. I had seen one man hung and another shot before this, but this was the saddest thing that I had seen while we were at Fort Smith. We had to do a lot of work to fortify the place, so it would not require so many soldiers to hold the place. The river was a protection on the north from raids, and on the west and south was heavy timber and we chopped it all down [until we had a strip] one mile wide. On the east it was prairie, so we dug rows of pits to protect that side. This was done by digging holes in the ground five or six feet deep and about fifteen feet apart, just like commencing to dig a well, and the rows would be 20 or 30 feet apart. So you can see that we had to work as well as fight. We had to drill every day unless we were on march, and every two or three nights we would have to be on guard. The rebels attacked the town several times but we were able to keep them out. Our supplies had to come up the river from Little Rock and there were soldiers at Clarksville and other towns along the river, but the rebels would slip in and fire on the boats and sometimes capture them and get the supplies before our men could get there, so we were kept on the run up and down the river a good deal of the time that we were in Fort Smith. Arrangements had been made for Gen. Banks and Gen. Steel with the forces at Little Rock and Fort Smith, to march on and take Shreveport. Gen. Steel was to go across the country and meet Banks there. On the 25th of March, 1864, we had orders to leave Fort Smith and join in with Gen. Steel on the way. After several days' marching we fell in with Gen. Steel and the forces from Little Rock, which made a big army, several miles in length, and the large body of soldiers and the number of wagons would move slow. Sometimes it would take two or three days to cross one creek, so we moved slow. We had more or less fighting to do every day. The rebels would pick places of advantage and fire on us with artillery, but when we would go after them they would run. They did this to hinder us all they could. They did not have men enough to have a pitched battle with us, so they did not hinder us very much as the main army was marching on while a small portion would go after them. We marched into Camden. It was a nice little town on the Washita river. There were only a few rebels there and they got out about as fast as they knew how. There was a steamboat at the wharf, loaded with corn, and the rebels started to run it down the river, but Gen. Steel sent a cavalry force around and headed the rebels off, and brought the boat back. This place was well fortified. It had five good forts around the town and the timber had all been chopped down for two miles, and it would have been a hard place to take if there had been any rebels there to speak of. When we got to this place Gen. Steel got orders to stop there and wait for orders, as Gen. Banks' army had been captured, and that Kirby Smith was coming on with 30,000 to take us in. We were there 10 days. Our provisions were about gone, and there was a train of two hundred wagons sent out to forage and two thousand men as an escort. They were captured, so he started another train with three thousand men to Pine Bluff, and the rebels

captured them. By this time the provisions were gone, and the corn that was on that steamboat was issued to us as rations. We got three ears apiece. Some would parch it; some would boil it and some would get a change to grind it on those negro hand mills that you would find in that part of the country. Now, General Steel could do nothing else but evacuate the place, and Little Rock was the nearest place and it was 110 miles, so we started to make the march without any rations. We had to cross the river at the edge of town on a pontoon bridge. We did not get to cross over until late in the evening, although the army had been going over from early in the morning. There was no camping, but march all night and all the next day and night. The third day we came to the Salem river about noon and while we were waiting about two miles back from the bridge the rebels overtook us and we fought and held them back until dark, when they fell back. Our division and one or two others, had orders to guard the road that night and keep them back until the ammunition trains and the advance portion of the army could get across. It had been raining all day, and it rained all night and the next day, we had guarded the road all night in the rain and at daylight they began firing on us again, and it was not very long until we were in the hardest battle that I was in during the war. The battle commenced early in the morning and there was continual firing until late in the evening. The fight was commenced about one mile from the river and we were only able to drive them back about one mile during the day, but from some cause they fell back and quit firing and we went for the bridge leaving our dead and wounded on the field, and that was the last I saw of them. I have said that it rained all day and the night before, and the river was bank full, and the water was about knee deep over the bottom. We were as wet as water could make us, and the road for a mile back from the pontoon bridge was a loblolly of mud belly deep to a horse and as we went from the battle field to the bridge we waded mud and water to our hips, and I saw hundreds of wagons down to the bed and just the heads of the horses above the mud and water.

This was a hard fight and there were hundreds of men killed on both sides. I have no idea how many. Hundreds of shots I fired that day, but I lost no time in loading and shooting from early in the morning until late in the evening. The battle was in the river bottom in heavy timber, and the smoke was so thick all the time that we could not see but a short distance at any time, except down near the ground. The smoke would not settle close to the ground and by getting down we could see the rebels very plain. Sometimes there would only be about one hundred yards between the lines. We kept close to the ground most of the time, except when they would fall back we would have to move our line up closer to them. Finally we drove them out of the bottom and they gave up the battle, and I was willing to quit, too.

Our Colonel had been placed in command of a colored brigade that day, and our regiment was to be commanded by our Lieut. Colonel. He was a brave old fellow, so he marched us out to the line of battle. It was impossible to hear anything, so the old fellow rode up just in front of the regiment and was giving command by signs when a rebel ball struck him and he fell from his horse, and was carried back to the lines. His horse ran over towards the rebels and was seen no more. The old man was left there with the rest of the wounded. Two men that stood by my side that day were shot, one killed and the other wounded, but I did not get a scratch. Our Colonel made a charge with his negroes on the rebels and took a battery from them that had only one live horse, and he hauled it over to our lines with the negroes. He was wounded twice and two or three horses were shot

from under him. He was as brave a man as ever went into the army. Now in the evening, after we had given the rebels all they wanted of us, we crossed the river and on that side we found wagons stuck in the mud and the mules given out. Soldiers on both sides of the road were sitting on logs and stumps, trying to get some rest, so we moved on about one mile from the river and stopped. Our officers told us there were no orders to camp, but that if we could manage to get any rest that we could do so. We had not had any sleep for three nights, and but very little to eat, and we had not had a bite of anything for the last day and night. And our clothes were as wet as could be, and the ground was covered with water. Now, I don't know much about what anybody else did, but I know that myself and two other boys broke limbs from the little pine trees and made a brush pile high enough to keep us out of the water. We piled down on it as close as we could, and I did not know anything more until the bugle blowed at daylight. When I got up my clothes were smoking, just as if they had been taken out of a wash tub, and I was sick, weak and fainty, and we did not have a bit of anything to eat, and I did not feel like I wanted anything. After they had issued forty cartridges to each man to carry, the rest of the ammunition was thrown into the water. Boxes were broken open with axes, and then the spokes were chopped out of the wagons and the mules turned loose. We started on the march again and a mile or so brought us out of the bottom onto high land. It had quit raining and our clothes were getting dry, and we were feeling better. We were lucky enough that day to get some flour. It was made into dough and a little lump was given to each man. This we would roll around the ramrods of our guns and hold it over the fire to bake it. It was not first class bread, but it was better than nothing, so by foraging in the country they managed to get a little to eat until the seventh day from the time we left Camden when a train from Little Rock met us with provisions, so we went on to Little Rock and laid in the shade about a mile from town, for three days resting. We later got orders to go to Fort Smith on forced march, as these same rebels that we had been fighting were on their way there, so we started for another march of 165 miles. We went as fast as we could and got there before they did, but they came on and tried to take the place. While we were able to keep them out we did not have force enough to go out after them, so they stayed at Fort Smith that fall and part of the winter, then we were ordered back to Little rock and did garrison duty there until June. Then we were mustered out of service and were ready to go home, but it was several days after we were mustered out before we got a chance to do so, and we were ten days making the trip. We went from Little Rock to St. Charles (a little town on the White River.) There we took a boat down the river to the Mississippi, then up that river. The boat that we were on did not run very fast. It was an old stern wheel boat. We finally got up to Memphis. There our Colonel had the boat land. He told us he was going up to headquarters of the war department and see if he could not get a better boat than that. He was gone about an hour when he came back and told us to come off that boat, and we went like a gang of sheep. When we got off and in line he told us that we would take the mail packet at five o'clock in the evening for St. Louis. When the boat came we saw that it was a large, fine side wheel boat and made good time. I have forgotten how many days we were on the river altogether, but when we got to St. Louis that was as far as we were to travel on that boat. We got off and the Colonel said he would try to make the rest of the trip by cars so we would get home quicker, so he went to headquarters. It was not very long until he came back and told us that we would march through St. Louis to the west and take a train for Macon City, Mo.,

and there we would change cars for St. Joe. From there we went down to Wyandotte where we stayed for the night. The next day we took the train for Lawrence. When we got there old Jim Lane as we called him, had a splendid dinner for us. Our Colonel was his son in law.

Now in addition to what I have already given I will give a few more sketches as to the country and people. The portion of the country that I saw, north of the Arkansas river, was very rough, rocky and broken. The timber was mostly scrubby oak. It was so thick and the limbs so close to the ground that a man could hardly walk through it. There was considerable rough country south of the river, but the southern part down near the line was a fine looking country and well improved, with very large plantations and fine houses, and big mills to take the seed out of the cotton and press it into bales ready to ship. It looked like a wealthy class of people had lived there, but they were all gone now, except the women folks and a few old negroes.

There seemed to be only two classes of people – the high and the low. The lower class did not seem to have any education and were not very much above the negro. We found men and women there who couldn't tell us the name of the county they lived in. They had never been ten miles from home in their lives. They lived along the little branches that came down between the hills and mountains, in little log houses. They did not seem to raise any crops to speak of, so I don't now how they lived. School houses and churches were as scarce in that part of the country as hen's teeth.

While we were at Fort Smith I made a trip out in the Indian territory after cattle. We went 50 miles southwest from Fort Smith in the Choctaw nation, and from what I could see I think it a fine country; mostly prairie, but some very fine timber. It was in the winter that we were there, and we gathered up about one hundred head of cattle from the range that were good beef, and brought them into the fort. When we got back my regiment had gone to Little Rock, leaving orders for me to go on the first boat, so I did not get to eat any of the beef after going for it.

I will now give an account of finding a relative in the prison at Little Rock. Years before the war a cousin of my mother, by the name of Nofsinger, moved from Virginia and settled in Cedar County, Missouri. He died before the war commenced, leaving a wife and two children; one son grown and a daughter. When the war commenced this young man went into the southern army. We had some men in my company who had lived neighbors to the Nofsingers in Missouri, and now they were related to me. Just a short time before we were mustered out of the army one of those men from Missouri was guarding the prisoners at the penitentiary. He saw this young man among them, and spoke to him. They knew each other and had a long talk. This man told Nofsinger that he had some relations in his company, so Nofsinger told him that he would be released in a few days and that he would like to come to our camp and see us. It was only a few days until he came, staying with us for three or four days. We had a good visit with him. We talked the war over. He said he had fought hard for southern rights, had been wounded twice and taken prisoner, but he was willing to admit that they were whipped and that he wanted to go home to see his mother. But the poor fellow never got home. He went up in the city and got a job to earn money to go home on, but in a few days he took sick and died. The first I knew of his death was when two small boys came to my tent and called for me. I asked them what they wanted and they said that my cousin had died at their house that night, and that he had told them before he died to send for me and have me see

to his burial. He also told me to write to his mother. I asked the boys what part of the city he was in and they told me how to find the place. I went to the Colonel and got permission to go. I found the place. There was an old lady and a young woman there. They told me that he had got work and had engaged board there, but took sick and died. I had him buried and wrote to his mother about his death and the visit I had had with him. He was a fine young man.

I have given a very brief history of my army life as it would be impossible for me to give anything like a complete history. I might have given many interesting events that I did not, but think this will be enough. I was not in any of the big, noted battles, but I will say that the ones I were in were big enough for me. And I hope there will never be any more war in this country.

I belong to Company D, 12th Kansas Volunteers, and was in the Seventh Army Corps.

Joseph N. Baker.